"IT IS NOTHING."

Do you remember, long and long ago,
When griefs came—weighty griefs that meet a child—
And you went in to her to sob your woe,
How patiently and soothingly she smiled?
Do you remember how she healed each bruise
And stopped the hurt that came from slip or fall?
How suddenly the little pain you'd lose
At: "It is nothing—nothing much, at all."

Do you remember how, long, long ago,
You would awaken, trembling in your fright
When some fearsome things, which only children know,
Were peering wildly at you from the night?
Do you remember how she made you see
They were but waving shadows on the wall,
And how she wove into a lullaby
Her "It is nothing—nothing much, at all?"

And you remember, long and long ago,
How every little fret of night or day
Before her talisman, when whispered low,
Would vanish, would be driven quite away;
And you remember, too, how each soft word
A newer happiness to you would call,
As though the joys of youth came when they heard
Her "It is nothing—nothing much, at all."

And can you hear it now? Of all the rest
That life has let us keep within our hold,
This memory must be the very best—
This precious thing that is not bought or sold.
When days are dark and nights are saddened, now,
Out from the shrouding silence does there fall,
While her cool fingers seem to touch the brow,
This: "It is nothing—nothing much, at all?"

—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

The Mountaineer's Dream

By HUGH A. C. WALKER

THE air of sleepy quiet which had brooded over the little valley town for a year had changed to a buzz of excitement. Commencement was on again at Watauga college; the town was full of enthusiastic alumni and visiting friends from every corner of the surrounding country.

It was on a different errand that the two Arvey brothers had come down from their home on Stump House in their white-covered wagon. Only a month before their father had died, leaving his large family dependent upon the two grown-up sons, and they were at Watauga for the purpose of straightening up his small business affairs and making certain arrangements concerning the management of their little mountain farm.

This required only a short time, however, and on Tuesday morning they found themselves drifting with the crowd toward the college, wholly ignorant of the exercises going on there. The scene on the inside was a revelation to both, for never before had an Avery, from Stump House, been within a college building. There, upon the high old rostrum, sat the young men of the graduating class, clothed in their best, the center of attraction to all the vast assembly below. One by one they stood before the audience, and with fervent, rustic eloquence delivered their graduating speeches, each of which called forth enthusiastic applause, loads of flowers, and a crash of discordant music from the noisy brass band in the gallery. Then, when the speeches were all over, the gayly beribboned diplomas were handed to the graduates by the president, after which came more applause and another rapturous burst of music from the gallery. The scene—impressive to those who were most accustomed to Watauga commencements—was one which remained forever fadeless in the memories of the mountaineer brothers.

The Arveys' journey home that afternoon was an unusually quiet one. For hour after hour neither spoke; both sat gazing in a kind of trance upon the mountain scenery which had been familiar to them from childhood. No sound disturbed the stillness except the rumble of the wagon and the hoof-strokes of the little mules upon the flinty mountain road. It was the older brother who broke the silence.

"Tom," he said, "I'm gwine ter stan' on thet same platform some day an' say my speech an' git my paper."

"I've sworn the same, Gus," came the laconic reply; "the Arveys hev got ter be heerd frum."

It was doubtless fortunate for the brothers that they could not comprehend the obstacles that lay between them and the doors of the college; both had times of discouragement, and it required the strongest determination, combined with frequent visits to Watauga for fresh inspiration, to keep them faithful. At the end of three years, however, by persistent labor and with the aid of the teacher at Double Springs, himself a Watauga graduate, they had prepared themselves for entrance into college.

As it was found impossible for both to attend at the same time, the rather delicate situation arose of deciding which one should first enjoy the coveted privilege.

"I s'pose, Gus, bein' the oldest, you ought to be the first to go," Tom suggested, rather reluctantly.

But Tom had not proven a very successful farmer, and that was probably the reason for the plan proposed by Gus.

"No, Tom," he explained, "if you go on now an' graduate you can help me along a sight better. Besides, I alw'ys seemed to have a kind o' knack o' runnin' the farm; you must go first."

So it was decided. On the first day of October Gus carried Tom and his little handful of belongings down to Watauga in the wagon, and after seeing him properly settled in his new world, turned his own face again toward Stump House.

It was dark when the wagon rolled into the yard. After the mules had been stabled and fed, Gus stood for a few moments looking silently across the mountains as the night slowly fell around them and blotted them from view. In the window of a cabin across on Roundtop a red light flickered, and there came to his ears the sound of a girl's mellow contralto voice singing an old corn-shucking song.

"Leastways, I'll be near Annie," he said, with almost a sigh. Then he walked slowly across the yard and entered the house.

"Good evening!"

"'Evenin', sir!"

"Trying to cool off some, are you? Rather warm weather yet—for October."

"Well, no, sir, I wasn't here for that partic'lar purpose; but it is about as cool a place as I've struck, this side o' the mountains. Just stopped to take a look at the old college as I was passin'."

The first speaker was Dr. Blackwood, the venerable president of Watauga college, dignified but kind-hearted, tall and straight in spite of his years—a perfect picture of the old southern gentleman. While walking across the campus toward his home he had come upon the stranger seated on the ground under a magnificent water-oak and gazing intently at the college building. In the road a few steps away stood a white-covered wagon to which two sturdy looking little mules were hitched. In the background beyond the college stretched the dim outlines of the Blue Ridge.

As the doctor showed no disposition to move on, the stranger, with an air of deference, rose to his feet and leaned his long, gaunt form against the water-oak. The doctor continued:

"You have never seen the building before? Or is there something in its architecture that interests you?"

"Oh, yes, doctor, I've seen it a good many times. To tell the truth I king o" love the old place, somehow; used to think I'd come to school here myself, but my dreams never did come true Still, I love to stop here an' watch the boys an' just imagine I'm one of 'em, don't you see?"

The doctor's next step was to inquire the stranger's name, for he had become deeply interested in his story.

"Arvey," came the answer, and the stranger's rough, brown hand took within its strong grasp the soft, white one of the doctor.

"From Stump House?"

"Yes, sir."

"Related to Tom Arvey that graduated here in '88?"

"Yes, sir, he's my younger brother."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Why, I am truly glad to know you, Mr. Arvey. How is Tom getting along? The last news I had of him he had gone out west soon after graduating—four years ago it must be?"

"Yes," replied Arvey, "Tom went west just four years ago. I never heard from him since he left; don't even know if he's alive. He was to help me through college, but, poor fellow, I don't know what's become of him. It's all right now, anyhow, for I'm too old. Besides, the home was all broken up by deaths and marriages, and it was powerful lonesome livin' in the old house all by myself—an' I couldn't 'a' asked Annie to wait on me any longer. We're mighty happy in our little home up yonder; but I've never quit dreamin' of the college education I expected to have, an' every time I come down this way I set here an' just look at the old place over there. An', somehow, it alw'ys seems to make me feel better—an' I go back to Annie with a lighter an' stronger heart. We've got a fine little feller at home, just a year old—named Tom; I'm goin' to send him down here some day to take my place an' live out my dream for me."

The mountaineer shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at the sun in the west. From a group of students sprawling on the grass near the college came the strains of an old song:

"Oh, he never cares to wander from his own fireside" . . .

"Now I must get started for home," he said, "for it's gettin' late; good-by, doctor."

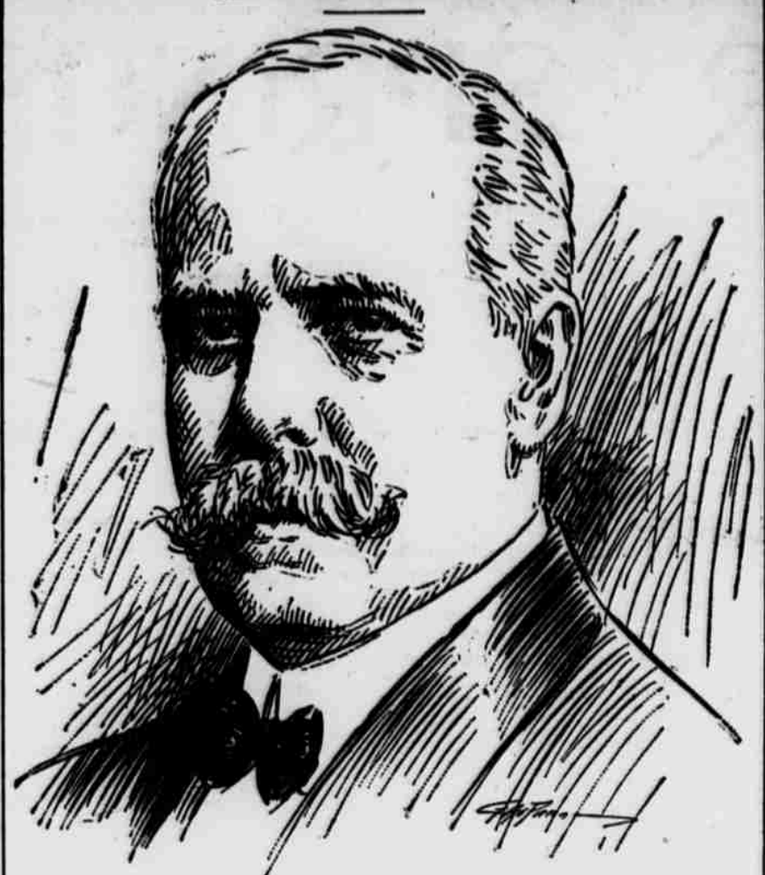
A moment later a whip was cracked over the heads of the little mules, and the white-covered wagon was rumbling away toward the mountains.
—National Magazine.

ANTIQUE CHAIRS TO ORDER.

Paris Woodworkers Devise Scheme for Giving Furniture Desired Worm-Eaten Appearance.

The vast industry maintained in Paris to pawn off fake curios and antiquities on unsuspecting Croesuses has hit upon a new plan. "Ticks," or wood fretters, required to give psuedo-antique furniture an air of old age, are now "cultivated" in large droves on potatoes. Formerly they were hard to obtain, but now there are millions of the vermin. The fakirs let loose the wood fretters on the imitation furniture before it is painted or varnished. They are allowed to "work" for about six weeks—if they worked longer, the chair, sofa, or table would fall into dust. After six weeks the worms are killed by a discharge of X rays. Only then the piece of furniture is painted and upholstered and ready for the antique parlor.

GEN. GEORGE M. MOULTON.



The choice of the triennial conclave of the Knights Templar at San Francisco for the office of grand master of that organization. His home is in Chicago, where he commands a brigade of the Illinois national guard.

CONTRARY TO BUSINESS.

People in Certain Lines of Trade Who Do Not Use Their Own Wares.

"Drugs? The less you take of them the better; personally I wouldn't think of taking them!" So said a speaker recently at a meeting, when the question of the supply of drugs cropped up. His hearers stared at him, aghast, says Smith's Weekly. And well they might, for he was the proprietor of a large local chemist's shop.

Who can question the rarity of a thin butcher? Nearly every butcher, whether he be of the pork or ordinary variety, is a standing advertisement of his trade. Knownig one who certainly could lay no claims to stoutness, the writer of this article jocularly said to him: "Why are you not as fat as your brother butcher? It seems to reflect on the quality of your meat!" I was not prepared for the astounding reply: "I am not big, because under no circumstances do I ever eat a piece of meat. I am the strictest of vegetarians, and I do not believe that animal food is good for people." "Have you, then, no conscientious objection to selling what you consider harmful to health?" "Oh, dear no," came the quick reply. "I can't let my principles affect my pocket. My business is a good one, so—" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

To be a successful public-house landlord, it is essential to be convivial. Still, this does not deter a good few publicans from remaining absolute teetotalers.

"When you are behind the bar," said one of these, "and a customer asks you to have a drink, it would be suicidal in a business sense to refuse. You would stamp yourself as being unsociable at once. Besides, there is the question of benefiting the takings. But that is no reason why you should take alcoholic liquor. It is a very old dodge to keep a handy a 'Finest Old Tom' bottle, which instead of spirit contains simply water, and to imbibe a glass of that. You charge, of course, for the price of gin. Profitable? Rather!"

It would appear almost impossible that a man could remain all day long surrounded by and dispensing tobacco in every shape, without himself succumbing to the attraction of the "weed." Yet it is a fact that one of the principal Liverpool tobacconists never has and avows he never will smoke either cigar, cigarette or pipe. His reason for this is that he feels if he once contracts the habit it would grow upon him so much that he would smoke all day long and to such an extent that his health would suffer. In fact, he is afraid of himself. By the way, you will generally find that when a tobacconist is a tobacco abstainer he is usually a victim to the habit of taking snuff.

One or two of the most popular story-writers of the day are physically unable to write. They are prevented from doing so by blindness, a not uncommon malady amongst journalists. These men employ other methods of transferring their "copy" to paper. One of them dictates his copy to a secretary. Another finds that his flow of language is interrupted by the presence of a second person, so he has learned to master the intricacies of a typewriter. To such a pitch of excellence can he type now that it is seldom he makes a typographical error, and his memory is so good that he never repeats a phrase.

A young lady afflicted with blindness owns a very successful typewriting establishment in London. She has also turned her hand to authorship, and has written her experiences.

A well-known Jewish rabbi is now a dancing master. M. Molina was at one time chief rabbi at Marseilles and later at the Paris synagogue. Misfortunes, however, came his way and he lost his position. Two years ago he met Gen. Andre, the French minister of war, who gave him the position of dancing master at the military cadet school of St. Cyr. M. Molina has been engaged as professor of dancing at the Royal Casino.

DISARRANGED HER CLOCKS

Grandmother Had Them All Set Wrong and Couldn't Tell Time with Them Right.

Long before the Western express had come within whistling distance of the Summerville station Uncle Charles declared he could hear the bells of grandmother's clocks, relates a writer in Youth's Companion. "Haven't heard 'em since I was a boy," he said, "but I know how they'll sound—all going together and every one of 'em right. 'I tell you, Lettie, you ought to have mother's sense of time. You can't even keep our mantel clock straight. Why, mother has a hall clock seven feet high and over a century old. Then there's the 'banjo' clock in the dining-room, and the 'sun' in the kitchen—we call it the 'sun' because of a round hole in the door-picture to see the pendulum through. There are three or four others besides, and the way mother keeps them straight is a marvel. It must be the old wooden wheels. Nothing like them made nowadays!"

Half an hour later grandmother greeted her home-coming flock at the door of the neat white farmhouse, and sent them to their rooms to prepare for a waiting dinner.

"Hello!" said Uncle Charles, as he followed Aunt Lettie into the east chamber. "There's Uncle Hiram Doty's old 'bullfrog' clock. Has a voice like a frog when it's getting ready to strike."

Mechanically he pulled out his watch and consulted it, then glanced again at the clock. He hesitated, then without comment stepped forward and set the clock half an hour ahead. Aunt Lettie smiled, but said nothing.

A little later, entering the kitchen, he beheld the "sun" ticking merrily in its accustomed place. Uncle Charles compared it with his watch. Grandmother was out of the room. Stealthily he opened the clock door and moved the hands back 20 minutes.

Dinner had hardly begun when from east chamber and kitchen came simultaneously wheezing and banging of bells. The "sun" counted six and stopped. The "bullfrog" did better and made it 13. Grandmother looked up in alarm and gazed at the "banjo-clock" before her. It was, so Uncle Charles discovered, an hour and a half fast. That alarmed her still more.

"Charles," said grandmother, severely, "nave you been settin' my clocks?"

"Why, yes, mother. I fixed the 'sun' and the 'bullfrog.' They seemed a little off."

"Well, mercy sakes! How ever shall I tell the time now?"

"By them, of course. They're right now."

"Yes, but they won't be to-morrow. You see, Lettie" (this apologetically to her daughter-in-law), "they're all clocks that just won't go right. I know about how much each gains or loses in a day, so when I hear one strike I can tell about what time it is. For instance, this morning when the big hall clock struck three, I knew the hands said quarter to eight. The 'banjo' is an hour slower, so it said quarter to seven, and would strike ten in 15 minutes. When that struck ten the 'sun' would say ten minutes to six, and would be almost ready to strike 12. The 'sun' is 50 minutes ahead of the 'bullfrog,' which said quarter to five, and in 20 minutes would strike three, and that is 25 minutes behind Sarah Pettit's alarm-clock with the brass works that she set by the town clock last week, and isn't more than five minutes out; so it was about quarter after five and time to get up."

She looked at Uncle Charles reproachfully. "I do declare, Charles," she said, "you've gone and mixed me up so now I d'know's I ever shall get it figured out again."

All He Asked.

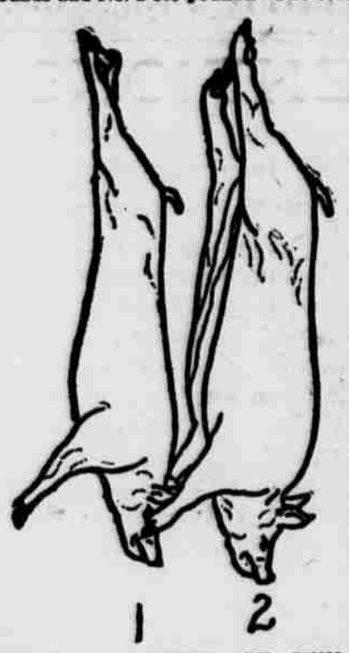
"Lawd, Lawd," prayed the old colored deacon, "don't gimme de wisdom of Solomon! Dat much would set me plumb crazy! Des gimme enough, good Lawd, ter keep my feet steady as de worl' turns roun'—des dat much, Lawd, en no mor'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

FARM AND GARDEN

RESULTS IN PIG FEEDING.

The Picture Shows the Results of an Interesting Trial with Two Lots of Shotes.

The accompanying cut almost tells the story of results secured in a comparative feeding trial with two lots of shoats. One lot, represented by No. 1, was fed on corn meal and water, and one lot, as shown by No. 2, corn meal and skim milk. Lot No. 1 gained 118 pounds and No. 2 309 pounds. The cost



DIFFERENCE CAUSED BY SKIM-MILK.

of lot No. 1, purchase price of shoats, outlay for feed and labor in caring for same during feeding period, was $19.56; selling for $20.64, netting a profit of only $1.05. Lot No. 2 cost a total of $26.87, allowing 20 cents per hundred pounds of skim milk, sold for $34.83, giving a profit of $7.96. The slop for No. 2 was made of corn meal one part and skimmed milk three parts.—Farm and Home.

CLOVER AS FOOD FOR PIGS

Some Feeding Hints Whose Value Is So Apparent That They Should Be Given a Trial.

Clover and a little corn or other grain make a much cheaper growing ration for pigs and shoats during the grass feeding period than the grass alone. If pigs and shoats are fed with a little grain while running on grass at the age of five months they may be made to weigh all the way from 150 to 175 pounds.

On the other hand, where they were compelled to live on grass alone, it will bother them to weigh more than 125 pounds. The increase in weight during the first five months of the young shoat's life can be made at a less cost than any gain that will be made later.

At the same time, to keep the young shoat in good condition from the time he is weaned until the fattening period in no sense interferes with making just as rapid gains during the fattening period, so that one is just ahead the extra gain for a given amount of grain fed in this way that a young shoat will make over an older one.

When it comes to selling the grown-up shoats that have been fed with a little corn or other grain while at pasture, they will outsell the quickly fattened hog.

This is because the butcher who has to cut up the carcass has learned that the hams, shoulders and other parts of the hog that has been fed well and kept growing are thicker and of better quality than of one that is first allowed to grow the frame and afterwards fatten in a few months.

In the latter case there is too apt to be an excess of internal fat. In the former case there is an intermingling of the fat and lean, especially that of the hams and shoulders, which pelases the ham epicure, thus making the carcass one that will cut up more profitably and give better satisfaction to the consumer.—St. Louis Republic.

How to Store Sugar Beets.

Sugar beets under average conditions are not difficult to store, and it is generally considered that they can be kept longer than any other field root without decaying. If you do not happen to have a root cellar, they can be kept in pits in the field. Select a high, well-drained part of your land, dig a shallow trench, fill with the beets then cover with straw, then earth on top. It is well to put on only a little earth at first, and just before freezing up cover the mound well. Be sure that the drain is such that no water will stand in the bottom of the pit or around the sides. Even if the beets are frozen, if they are kept frozen until ready for use it will not injure their feeding value.—Midland Farmer.

Mix Brains with Feeding.

It has been a common idea that all the hog was good for was to consume concentrated feeds; but now we find in the hog a new and profitable way to market roughage. Our hogs will do better if kept on grass and given cheaper grains. Our experiment stations have been experimenting with clover and alfalfa hay. Don't think that a hog is only fit to eat corn, and at the same time eat up profit; it is so sometimes, but if managed carefully it will seldom turn out that way. Mix brains with all your work, if you want more dollars mixed in your profit.—Midland Farmer.

SELLING THE GRAIN CROP.

Lines Along Which Farmers Should Work Together Seriously to Their Mutual Advantage.

We have from time to time urged our readers to put their products in good condition before putting them on the market, and then to use the precautions necessary to secure returns according to the merit of the article. The hum of the thresher is now heard in the land, and there will be much grain hauled direct from the machine to the elevator at whatever price the elevator man may choose to offer. This is not saying that the elevator man can afford to pay more under present conditions. The fault we have to find is with the conditions of marketing grain as they exist over a large part of the country. As these are the outgrowth of the practices of farmers the latter must look to themselves for the remedy.

The particular evil we refer to is the very common practice of grain dealers of paying one price for the different grades of one kind of grain. This is a great injustice to those who, by reason of better methods of farming and better care of crops, supply an article that is more free from weed seeds and is in other ways of a quality superior to that of their more shiftless neighbors. Such a practice is poor encouragement for a man to try to improve the quality of his output.

This is a point, however, says the Prairie Farmer, on which the enterprising farmers in a community can work together to their mutual advantage. They can put their product in first-class condition and if the home buyer will not pay a satisfactory increase in price over the poorer grades they can ship to a central market with the assurance that they will get the top price there.

It is much less trouble for the buyer to pay an average price for all grades, as he is in no danger of a loss through an error of judgment as to quality. Also it relieves him of the disagreeable task of demonstrating to the man with the poor grain why a neighbor is entitled to a higher price than he is. The grain dealer naturally slipped into his present practice as the easiest way out of a difficulty and, as we said above, we see no remedy except for the progresssive farmers to take the reins into their own hands. Until they do this they will continue to suffer at the expense of the man who lets his farm grow up to weeds and his grain spoil in the shock and bin. So long as the present practice continues will they be robbed to replenish the pockets of the unthrifty and unworthy.

Perhaps the worst outcome of all this is the tendency such a practice has of getting farmers, in general, into careless habits. We say "in general" because there are always a few farmers in any community who will be careful and painstaking whether there is a prospect of immediate remuneration or not. But the average man requires a little stimulus in some form to keep him up to his best in this regard.

BARREL-CARRYING DEVICE.

A Simple Little Arrangement, But It Saves Lots of Time When Time Is Precious.

If there is one thing more than another that is awkward and cumbersome for the market gardener and farmer to handle it is a barrel, where it is not possible to roll it. Having many barrels to handle, I have rigged up the frame shown in the illustration. The holder frame is made of iron rods with handles attached. Any blacksmith can

HANDY BARREL CARRIER.

bend the rods and attach handles for you. The rods are hinged where they come together at the top at the point where handles are fastened on. This is to prevent slipping the frame over the barrel at the top, and in handling different sized barrels. Strips of heavy leather are attached as shown.

To prevent the rods from slipping on the bottom of the barrel they may be brought to a sharp edge. In handling extra heavy barrels of stuff, we slip a pole through the handles as shown by the dotted lines, when we are able to carry the barrel and walk easily. These handles give an opportunity for either two or four men to handle the barrel.—Reed McWaters, in New England Homestead.

GENERAL FARM NOTES.

Wasn't that garden worth while? Told you so!

Push those spring pigs along lively, for fall sale.

Fron now on "keep an eye" on the pasture fences.

Putting off farm drainage is a rather expensive luxury.

Oil the harness occasionally, so as to keep it soft and flexible.

Pig exports for past year exceeded those of the year before by over 500 head.

It's always a good idea, when practicable, to save one's own vegetable and flower seeds.

Set your foot down, and see that none of your "women folks" work 12 to 14 hours a day.

Take an old scythe and clean out all the brush and sprouts from the fence-corners. Attend to this without fail.—Midland Farmer.